

Nashville Union.

For Freedom and Nationality!

S. C. MERCER, Editor.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 16, 1862.

Why are Our Prisoners Retained, and Who is Responsible?

Thousands of misguided, deluded and ignorant Tennesseans, captured in arms against the Government, by the Federal forces, are now held as military prisoners in the North. The prisoners themselves all say that they are treated with great kindness and tenderness, and with a humanity far different from the gross brutality exhibited to loyal men who are prisoners in the South. Yet still in spite of the ungrateful requital made by the Rebels for Federal clemency, President Lincoln exhibits a lofty magnanimity, as admirable as it is rare. No amount of petty malice or vindictiveness seems to drive him into the semblance of retaliation. We have even said that his humanity was stretched too far, and that prisoners were often turned loose who should have been detained in confinement. We say then, that if the petition of loyal Tennesseans for the release of the Rebel prisoners of this State cannot be granted by the President, and our erring kinsmen are still detained far from home in the hands of an outraged, yet noble and magnanimous and forbearing Government, the whole responsibility of their detention lies on the head of Jeff. Davis, the Arch Conspirator of the Rebellion. We repeat that the Rebel Government at Richmond is alone chargeable with the detention of the Tennessee prisoners held by the Federal Government. This matter should be fully understood by all. We want Tennesseans to know that Jeff Davis, the pretended friend of the South—Jeff. Davis who called on the men of this section to rush forward and bare their bosoms to musket-shot, cannon and bayonet, that he might be sheltered from public justice and supported in power—Jeff. Davis, who seduced thousands of men from pleasant and happy homes to toil, and pine and perish amid the hardships and rigors of war—Jeff. Davis, who has sacrificed more valuable lives for his own aggrandizement than any man living, and filled the land with widows and orphans and bereaved parents—Jeff. Davis, this mortal monster, this shedder of innocent blood, this human butcher, this scourge of mankind, traitor to his country, and reproach to the human race, is the very man who now stands at the door of the prison-house, and drives back the Tennessee prisoners into confinement. How is this? We will explain how. In utter disregard and contempt of not only the rules of warfare, but of the laws of God, Jeff Davis, in a late proclamation, declares all released Rebel prisoners absolved from their parole of honor, and forces them by his Conscript bill, originated and urged by himself, into the Confederate ranks again! This is the statement of the Richmond papers, and they defend the villainous deed. He has attempted to abrogate the awful solemnity of an oath before God by a proclamation! He declares from his blood-cemented throne in Richmond that the edicts of the Almighty are null and void! He reviews and sets aside the decisions of the high court of Heaven with as little scruple as the Supreme Court would set aside the decision of the lowest judiciary! He nullifies not only the laws of his country, but those of the Omnipotent, the Omnipotent and the Eternal! The cheek turns pale and the heart shudders at this horrid fulmination of folly and blasphemy from a pigmy who brandishes his sword of ruses and challenges the Thunderer of Olympus to a trial of arms. The reason of this is, that feeling the throne tottering and sinking beneath him, and that he is—

“In blood steep in so far that should he wade no more, Returning were as tedious as go o’er.”

he plays a game of desperation, and “stakes his life upon the cast.” He is fully resolved that the Federal Government shall make no friends by the exercise of lenity to Rebel prisoners if he can help it, and so he acts so as to compel it to withhold its prisoners to prevent them from being drafted again into the Rebel army as soon as they are released. He first absolves the prisoners from their parole of honor, and then he impresses them into the Rebel service.

And now, if the effort at present being made by Governor CAMPBELL, by Hon. JORDAN STOKES, and hundreds of other

loyal Tennesseans, to procure the release and restoration of the Tennessee prisoners shall prove fruitless, the whole responsibility of the failure will rest on Jeff. Davis, who, by his acts, has made such release unsafe for the Government. We ask all who have sympathized with the rebellion on account of their devotion to the welfare of the South, to consider a moment the cruelty and utter selfishness of the tyrant who is the author, leader and embodiment of this Rebellion. What cares he for the languishing tenants of a prison, who offered to shed their blood upon the field of battle that he might be President or despot of a Southern Confederacy? What cares he for the tears, and sighs and anguish of their friends, who look vainly for their coming? Nothing, absolutely nothing. And is this inhuman monster, this modern Nero, a god fit for Southern idolatry?

Female Aspect of the Rebellion.

A ludicrous incident took place a few days ago at the Provost Marshal's Headquarters. Four rebel ladies called to see Col. Matthews. Across the walk and between the outer gate and the house a large national flag is suspended. Two of the ladies passed under it but the other two vowed in animated tones that they would not bow their heads to that “filthy Lincoln rag.” When the party was about to leave, the two who had gone into the Provost's room passed out of the gate, but the other two were stopped by the guard. “What do you mean, Sir! Let us out instantly!” exclaimed one of the stiff-necked rebels sharply. “Not a step,” said the guard, “you wantonly insulted that flag which we are here to defend, and you can't leave this place without permission of the Provost.” The ladies whirled round in a furious rage, making a brilliant exhibition of garters and other unmentionable things, to the eyes of the guard, and went back under the flag to see Col. Matthews. Ladies have a peculiarly nervous twitchability in their gait when much excited, and so one of the fair ones caught her heel in her hoops, and in extricating herself got the other foot into the same trap and whirled head foremost, and feet flying upwards, into the soft blue grass which waves in the shady yard like the sea-green plumage of a Bird-of-Paradise. The goddess of Modesty who suckled us at her soft bosom in tender infancy and whose foster child we have ever been, here bids us draw a thick veil “impenetrable to mortal eyes,” over what poor Peeping Tom of Coventry sought to behold when the noble Lady Godiva rode through the streets of that ancient city on her milk-white-steed. We obey her sacred command and content ourselves with quoting the well known lines of Tom Moore, which tell how poor Hebe while walking one night across the sky stumbled against a star—

“And all Heaven's host of eyes
Saw those radiant beauties glide
In lapse of juvenescence along the azure skies.
The wafted wind
Which had pursued the flying fair
And sweetly reined
Her spirit with the breezing wings
Of her ambrosial hair,
Covered as she fell, and on its ruffling wings—
Oh watch, watch!
Watch the robe when stirred flow
Shadowed her kindling charms of snow.
The brow of Juno glows—
Love bleeds! the breeze!
The Muse bleeds,
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye was glancing through the strings!”

As Mark Anthony said:
“What a fall was there my countrymen!”

We will notice the next case that turns up.

It is amusing to see the cringing, fawning duplicity and hypocrisy daily exhibited in the Governor's office by the Rebels. The she rebels are the more contemptible of the two. They are as destitute of nobleness and courage as they are of truth and decency.

Several Rebel prisoners, from Southern Kentucky, members of the notorious “Night-Hawk Association” and Knights of the Golden Circle, are now in this city. One of them, Jack Fisher, of Hopkinsville, is a hardened and desperate villain. We hope the authorities will hold them closely.

The Richmond Enquirer says:

The Northern papers give a great many anecdotes of personal daring among their soldiers. Some of them are, doubtless, regular Munchausens, and the others are exaggerated; but there is truth enough in a few of them to make us wonder what our people are about. The Yankees have impudence and cunning, and relying upon these, they will undertake ventures that bold men would shrink from.

That will do for a beginning. It is quite a climbing down.

Long Documents.

We receive every day requests from gentlemen to publish valuable and lengthy public documents. If we complied with one-half of these requests every inch of our paper would be crowded. Our space is too limited to allow us to make the Union what it ought to be, a full chronicle of the momentous movements and events now going on in Tennessee, and if we are required to compress the *multum* of history into the *parvo* of our dimensions, our case will be as deserving of commiseration as that of poor Darby who was told by his doctor he would certainly die unless he swallowed a quart of bone-set tea. “Oh doctor,” cried poor Darby in anguish, “I don't hold but a pint!”

Burn Your Cotton.

MEMPHIS, April 27.—The following address has been issued:

To Planters South:
The casualties of war have opened the Mississippi to our enemies. The time has therefore come to test the earnestness of all classes; and I call upon all patriotic planters owning cotton in the possible reach of our enemies, to apply the torch to it without hesitation or delay.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.
Brigadier Daniel Donelson, do you hear? Call Cuffy, Dinah, Sambo, Topsy and Aunt Milly and tell each of them to place a lighted torch to your cotton bales to keep it from the hands of the Yankees! A gallant Southerner would scorn to touch Lincoln gold in exchange for it. Oh, we forgot, General! You sold your crop the other day, we believe.—Beg your pardon, sir!

In Anguish.

The Atlanta Confederacy of the fourth says: “Indications point strongly to a battle coming off at Corinth at an early day, which for magnitude of the forces engaged will eclipse any that ever transpired in America. Our judgment is that the Yankees have nearly 150,000 men. Beauregard is well nigh flanked on all sides. He has an immense army, but not so large as that of the enemy. It were idle to conceal the fact; we have some fears for the result. There is such a thing as being utterly overwhelmed with numbers against which we can provide no remedy.”

Forgetting the Rebel Cause.

The Southern winds are laden with rumors of desertions from the rebel army, of whole companies and regiments refusing to continue in the unholy fight. The New Orleans Delta says that on the approach of Commodore Farragut to Fort Jackson, 300 men mutinied and marched off to the enemy from the fort.

Four Louisiana regiments threw down their arms recently at Corinth and refused to serve any longer. The soldiers all see that they have been grossly deceived by their officers, who have been holding them together by all sorts of lies. The Tennesseans have got no pay for more than eight months and many of the troops have got nothing but their clothes since entering the Confederate service. There will be a general mutiny in the ranks apparently in a short time.

A Southern traitor to his country is bad enough, but who can paint black enough the hue of the Northern villain, like Vallandigham, and others, who are doing all they can to paralyze the country's strength, and aid and encourage the Rebels? One Northern rebel is more to be dreaded than a score of Southern Rebels, and we wonder at the forbearance which spares the lives of these industrious allies of treason. Truly good men and loyal have need to be vigilant, for the foes of freedom are legion.

The torpedoes at Yorktown were constructed by General Rains, who goes among the rebel soldiers by the sobriquet of “Sister Rains,” on account of his devotion to the doctrines of Free Love and Spiritualism.

So it seems that Secessionism, like wild Abolition fanaticism, breeds all sorts of mental maggots.

Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, is the son of a horse-thief, who once lived in the town of Fairview, Todd county, Kentucky, some fifty miles from this city. He is said to be a bastard. And he is the head of a bastard Confederacy.

It is common among conservatives to say that Secessionism and Abolitionism are alike. They are both wretched heresies; but an Abolitionist is a thousand fold better than a Secessionist. An Abolitionist has the odor of a muskrat but a Secessionist stinks worse than a skunk.

The Reaction.

A grand reaction is taking place in the minds of our people who have been led astray into the rebellion. It now shakes the Commonwealth like a far distant avalanche just breaking loose from its icy fastness, on an Alpine summit, and beginning its descent. As it advances it gathers strength and extent until the solid mountain vibrates with its power.—So will be the popular reaction in this State. And to the rebel leaders the recoil will be terrible. They will have to meet the rage of a multitude seduced into and held in rebellion by the most atrocious falsehoods, and systematic lying. Where will they escape this storm of revenge? They will have to face the parents of murdered sons, who fell in battle or died in camp or hospitals—men who were impressed and drafted into service—others who were induced to volunteer for the sake of getting their large and helpless families supported by the rebel Government, but whose families have been left to starve—others who have been reduced from opulence and independence to abject poverty and distress. Picture Jeff Davis standing in such a crowd, hunted down on every side by the overpowered Federal army, stripped of all the gaudy trappings of power, abject, exposed, friendless, deserted and abandoned. Will they not tear him to pieces? Will they not drag him through the streets with curses and yells until he is an undistinguishable mass of blood and gore? Will not as many indignities be offered to his body as to the wretched leaders of the French Revolution, to Robespierre and Danton? And now we tell the rebel leaders of Nashville that such a day of retribution is surely coming, and that quickly. Make your peace while you can. Escape the storm of popular wrath while you have a chance. It will soon be too late. Better fall into the hands of wild beasts than into those of the men you have so loosely deceived and misled.

A Suggestion.

If the rebel Cotton States should manage to resist the Government a few months longer, and the cotton crop in the Gulf States should be reduced to nothing, it will be worth millions of dollars to Tennessee to remain loyal, inasmuch as her cotton crop will bring an enormous price. As a mere matter of gain, loyalty will be immensely remunerative. While the rebels are starving under the Stars and Bars, let Tennessee prosper and be happy under the “Stars and Stripes.” The path of duty is also the path of gain in the end.

That able and honest Democratic Senator from Indiana, JOSEPH A. WRIGHT, speaks out boldly in favor of making the authors of the rebellion suffer in their purses, and pay for the injury they have done, instead of laying the whole burden of the cost upon innocent men. A Washington correspondent says:

Senator Wright's speech in favor of confiscation, yesterday, astounded the old folks. They were not expecting such signs of vigor from an Indiana Democrat, especially when some of the Republican members of Congress hesitate. He said boldly that in his opinion a stringent confiscation act would strike a heavier blow at the rebellion than has yet been struck, and that he had no doubts concerning the constitutionality of confiscation. He would confine the operation of the act to specified classes—to the leaders of the rebellion. He did not hesitate to say that he desired to reduce such men as Davis, Toombs, Slidell, Breckinridge and others to poverty, harsh as such a thing might seem to the Senator from California—McDonnell. The desires sprung from no feeling of revenge, but for the sake of his country.

Robert J. Walker, formerly of Mississippi, was Secretary of the Treasury under President Polk. A correspondent of the Detroit Tribune, says of him:

Robert J. Walker, a Southern man, said to some gentlemen who were advocating a conciliatory policy at Willard's, a few days ago: “Gentlemen, the North is certainly to blame for this terrible war. You have allowed these insolent tyrants to browbeat you, to kick you, and cuff you, until they have become actually settled in the belief that this was the way to treat and control you, and now the only course for you is to whip them and pound them, until you thoroughly convince them of their mistake. You can then live with them in peace, but never before.”

Commodore Foote passed this city Monday on his way to Cleveland, where he has a brother, with whom he proposes to spend a brief period in the hope of recovering his health, which has suffered fearfully in consequence of the wound he received at Fort Donelson. His weight is scarcely more than half what it was at that battle. The officers of his fleet, all of whom regard him as the model of a gallant hero, were much grieved to part with him, yet they begged him to leave them for a time, knowing that his life depended upon his doing so.

Commodore Foote is a native of Connecticut—a fine specimen of the fighting Yankee. His father was a distinguished and highly respectable citizen of that State.

Clarksville Correspondence.

CLARKSVILLE, May 9, 1862.

EDITORS NASHVILLE UNION.—Dear Sir: In my last letter I attempted to sketch an outline of the condition of our little city before the commencement of this most causeless and disastrous war, disastrous to both the North and the South, disastrous to every great interest of the whole country, and disastrous in every aspect, except in developing the military and naval prowess and genius of the nation. It has lashed into a flame the martial spirit of a warlike people which will not be allayed for years to come; an evil of no slight magnitude. In this letter I propose to attempt a like sketch of our present condition. The contrast will furnish an instructive lesson for the study of secessionists. The Southern Empire is not so vast in extent, so boundless in prosperity, inexhaustible in resources, and so mighty in military prowess as its early advocates predicted it would be. By no means. But still the signs of the times are auspicious, and, as I understand and interpret them, foreshadow the revival of trade and returning prosperity.

In casting our eyes around us, the circumstances which meet our observation, challenge our deepest regret. A little more than a year ago the South inaugurated a civil war for the maintenance of her Constitutional rights which were said to be in peril. Secession and Southern Independence was the remedy. The advocates for these measures, assured us that they could be peacefully accomplished. The North would not fight. Oh! no. The people of the North could plough, and sow, and reap, and invent machines, and spin, and weave, and web the world with their fabrics; but as for fighting, pshaw! the white-livered, cod-fish eating Yankee could not be kicked into that business. That was a gentlemanly pastime, reserved for the spirits of the Sunny South. The mud-sillies of northern society fight! Never! This was the Southern theory, to which Tennessee committed herself fully on the 8th day of last June; and Clarksville was loud in its protestations that no man should open his mouth in the city who doubted or denied its truth. We have had now the experience of a twelve months' civil war. Is the truth of the theory verified? Let facts and the recording Juifs of the Cotton Empire answer. Some of Clarksville's noblest sons have fallen, the victims of this stupendous folly. They have been destroyed in the prime of life and the full vigor of manhood by the insatiable monster war, lost to their families, friends, and society forever. Others by the thousand have been torn from their homes in Montgomery county, as prisoners of war, many of them fathers, whose families stand sadly in need of their succor and protecting care at home. What tongue can tell the anguish of heart and the agonies of mind which this war has produced in this single county! And what are these to the throes and throes of the great heart of this mighty nation! The strength and intensity of its bounding pulse who can measure? This is one aspect of our present condition, and surely it is not particularly flattering to Southern pride.

This war has made widows, orphans, and paupers by the thousand, but this is not all that it has done. The commerce of Clarksville is crippled; and its railroad facilities ruined, it may be, for years to come. The commerce of Clarksville is crippled by a depreciated currency. This is one of the evils which this rebellion has inflicted upon the community. A large proportion of our circulation is Southern money, which is fifty per cent below par, and nobody wants it at that. Tennessee money is not much better with the exception of that of the Planter's and Union Banks. Some roll up the white of their eyes and affect to wince at this state of things. They cannot comprehend why Confederate bonds are not just as good as United States scrip, and the bills of Southern banks as those of Kentucky. The why is very evident, but they shut their eyes to the light and their ears have waxed dull of hearing. But it practically makes no difference what the reason is. The fact confronts at every turn, and this state of things greatly embarrasses commerce.

It is amusing to observe the shuffles of ardent Southern men. They are loud in their protestations that Southern money is just as good as any; just as soon have it. To admit that it is not, is an admission that the Southern Confederacy is a failure; and this is a pill bitter to swallow. But under a Southern X at one of their counters and in the coldest, blandest manner imaginable they inform you that, while it is perfectly good they cannot take it, because it is in current. That is commercial philosophy with a vengeance. Do these knights of the yard stick suppose we are all fools? Plain men know just as well as they do, whether they can philosophize about it or not, that the only function of money is the commerce of the world, is to facilitate exchanges. It is simply an instrument for this purpose. It is used just as a carpenter uses a hammer to drive a nail, a saw to cut a plank, or a chisel to gouge a mortise, hence there is just as much sense, and no more, in talking about good uncurrent money, as there is in talking about a good knife without a blade, a good saw without teeth, or a good hammer without a handle. When you can't use it it is worthless. The inconvenience and

embarrassment we must endure, but we need not make asses of ourselves.

As to our schools, the voice of the Muses has been hushed in the Academic Grove, and an altar erected there to the God of War. The doors of the public schools are closed, and the children for whose mental and moral culture it was provided, roam the streets in idleness. There are some two or three private schools in the city, but even these are poorly attended. Indeed, the educational interests of the town are utterly ignored, and this is one of the saddest aspects of our present condition. The importance of education to all the great interests of American civilization, is conceded on all hands. It can hardly be overestimated. How long this state of things is to last, and what less our children are to suffer, in consequence of it, no mortal can tell.

I had intended, when I took my seat, to point out some of the evils which result to the community from a suspension of the Courts. They are neither few nor far between. It is as essential to the peace and good order of society that the courts should be regularly held, as it is to the administration of justice between man and man. But my purpose to write short letters prevents my dwelling upon this topic, and it is the less necessary as these evils readily suggest themselves to every reflecting mind.

In my next letter, I shall attempt an interpretation of the signs of the times in a commercial aspect. CIVIS.

Inner Life in the Richmond Capitol.

A Fredericksburg correspondent furnishes the following very interesting gossip which appears very probable. The traitor chief quakes and shudders at the approach of the coming reaction:

We have had a curiosity here lately, no less a person than Jeff. Davis' coachman, William A. Jackson, a colored man by profession, and one to whom the term “intelligent negro” can be truthfully applied. He lived with Davis for about eight months, and had his eyes and ears open, all the while; the consequence is that he is enabled to furnish us with some secrets of State, as well as to make us familiar with the natural history and habits of a rebel statesman. We learn that President Davis lives very plainly, and is reduced to drinking sassafras in the morning as a substitute for tea. He has four children, Maggie, a daughter aged seven; Jeff. Davis Jr., about five years old; Joe, a truant little fellow of three, and a baby rebel a month old last Christmas. None of the children are allowed to eat butter, as that commodity involves too great an expense. Jeff. rises between 8 and 9 in the morning and comforts himself with a mint julep, sitting down to breakfast and sassafras tea at 10. At 4 he takes a light lunch of crackers and cheese, varied with an occasional herring, dining magnificently at 7. His dinner usually consists of St. Julian soup, roast beef, ash cake—Jeff. is very fond of ash cake, Jackson says—claret and sherry. Over his dinner Jeff. grows confidential and converses with his family. Jackson has heard him complain that while he was making plans for holding positions, his Generals were engaged in preparing to evacuate them. The loss of Johnston he regrets greatly, saying that he cannot be replaced. Jeff's hopes of success are dwindling down, and his wife seems to say little to comfort him. She remarked the other day at table that she feared the Confederacy, to use a Yankee expression, was nearly “played out”; that, if it was true that New Orleans had fallen, she cared nothing for victories elsewhere. Nor does Jeff. himself like the fall of New Orleans. He complains that it interferes with his plans regarding the navigation of the Mississippi River, and will cost him three States—Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas. It annoys him especially to think that all these places should be surrendered without any fighting, remarking when Gen. Johnston came to him to urge the evacuation of Manassas, that it might be a military necessity, but it would be the ruin of the cause. Nor can he digest the fall of Fort Mifflin. In fact, we are warranted in supposing that, at present there is no more unhappy man in either the Confederate or United States than Jeff. Davis. Jackson says that, when news comes of a defeat, he stretches himself out on the floor, before the fire, and lies there half the night through, murmuring in his uneasy sleep, of battles and of plans. He is very unpopular at present in Richmond, and Mrs. Davis complains very bitterly that none of the citizens call on her, except the few connected with the Government.

New Advertisements.

\$100 Reward!

RUNAWAY or STOLEN from Clarksville, the 26th or 27th of February last, two heavy young NEGRO MEN: THAVIE, about 22 or 23 years old, about 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high, weighs about 160 lbs. JIM, about 19 years old, same height, 140 lbs. weight, about 160 or 165 lbs. Very light complexion, loose hair and tall.

These two boys were missing at the same time, and being brothers, I doubt not, are together.

I will pay the above reward of \$100, in Tennessee money, State Bank, to any person who will give their name, name, name and place, to the Nashville Union, Tenn.

Wm. J. RAYBURN.

May 1—51*

ROBERT MOORE & CO.,
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CONSIGNMENTS OF COTTON, TOBACCO, LARD, FEATHERS AND PRODUCE generally, will receive best attention.

MAY 14